

Will You Visit Me On Sundays?

Merle Haggard

Just outside these prison bars the hanging tree is waitin'
At sunrise I'll meet darkness and death will say hello
Darling touch your lips to mine and tell me that you love me
Promise me again before you go.

Will you visit me on Sundays, will you bring me pretty flowers
Will your big blue eyes be misty will you brush away a tear
A grave is filled with silence but if a sleeping man could hear
Darling would I hear your footsteps up there.

Promise me that time won't separate me from your mem'ry
That you'll remember me until the days of silver hair
If not for you I know I'd lose my mind before the morning
Hold me close and tell me that you care.

And will you visit me on Sundays, will you bring me pretty flow
ers
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Darling would I hear your footsteps up there.

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